



Stranger Things 3 by nalathescorpio

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Summary: "Tonight was harder than most other nights. This day marked almost four years since his death. Technically the anniversary was tomorrow. I just wanted to be held one last time; to feel the touch of his skin on mine, and to hear his voice as he whispered my name in my ear." The year is 1989, four years since Mike Wheeler died after a hit and run. Will be based on Mileven.

1. Doom and Gloom

A/N: Wow, I am so sorry it's been so long since I posted. I know most of you are probably still waiting on 'Save Me', I promise it is still coming. I decided I will post all the rewritten chapters the moment they're all finished, with a new chapter as well. I know it's been since December, and I thought they would be done by the end of 2017, but a lot has happened in between then and now. I hope you forgive me.

But here is a new story for you Stranger Things nerds! I have SOO much planned for this story it's not even funny. You have a lot coming for ya. This will be Mileven based, but there's an actual plot to it, so there will not consistently be smut or strictly just Mike and Eleven. I'm still thinking of titles, so this could change.. but without further ado! I introduce to you, 'Stranger Things 3'!

Chapter One

DOOM AND GLOOM

November 8th, 1985

Mike POV

"El, you'll be okay, alright? If you have anymore nightmares about the Demogorgon, Will, Joyce and Hopper are here. Don't be afraid to wake them up, they will help you and I want you to be okay, okay?" Eleven nodded as she clung to my arms. I knew she didn't wanted me to leave her side with all the nightmares she'd been having almost every night, but my mom was getting upset that I had been gone for so long. Sometimes El would wake up in a sweat screaming. The first few nights these started happening it cause the windows to explode, and glass to shatter. It had gotten more controlled since, but it still worried everyone. Every night she said they were about the bad men from Hawkins Lab and the Mind Flayer.

"I will Mike, I promise. Friends don't lie." I smiled down at her and

remembered how one of the first things we had taught El was that friends don't tell lies. Sometimes she took it **very** seriously. It became a burden at points like when El had announced us kissing to everyone in the room, which included Hopper. I swore he hated me for dating his daughter sometimes, though I seemed to be the only to soothe her, so he didn't have much of a choice in the matter.

"I'll see you tomorrow? Everyone is going to come over to play D & D." El giggled as I gently kissed the back of her hand. She nodded, and I leaned forward to leave a kiss on her cheek.

"Bye, Mike!" I got on my bike and looked back briefly to see Eleven waving at me. I waved back and began my cold ride home.

Riding home from Will's didn't usually take too long. Tonight, the wintry breeze swept the my hair caressing every curl which made my cheeks and ears ache. Even with my jacket, I still shivered. I started to peddle faster to gain some warmth. The air was brisk, and I assumed it was going to start snowing soon if the weather kept up like this. The light from the moon and the the street lights around me illuminated the road. There were no cars driving about, it did seem unusually quiet. But I dismissed the thought realizing how late it actually was. My mom was going to be livid with me when I got home. I hoped she had gone to bed.

As I rounded a corner, only a couple blocks away from my house now, I noticed a few street lights up ahead weren't working. One of them flickered which sent nerves down my spine. I consoled myself with knowing that the Upside Down was gone, and there wasn't a Demogorgon waiting for me in that darkness. El had closed the gate, and I breathed out heavily. The moon was hidden behind the thickness of the trees as I rode into the darkness which enveloped me.

The feeling of being watched crept through my body, and my senses were now on high alert. As I turned my head to the side, I could barely make out the words on a white van parked on the side of the road, '**Hawkins Energy**'. Just as I went to bike as fast as I could away from the van, I hit a wall. It wasn't exactly a wall in the middle of the road, but something forced me off my bike, and the wind was taken from my lungs. I fell onto my back gasping for air, and trying to get up to run. Hands grabbed me and I felt a towel against my face. I stared at my house, only a couple yards away, the porch light on and my mom waiting for me to come

home. My eyes began to get dizzy, and my head fell back.

Everything went black.

November 7th, 1989

Eleven POV

My eyes were heavy, and my body froze as the wind crept in through the window. I had one blanket that kept me decently warm, but it wasn't really enough. I wiped away a tear falling from my eye, one which held sorrow and longing. The feelings of anguish and pain hadn't ever been relieved no matter how hard I tried to push past it and live for *him*. As the moon shined through my window, and the light danced upon my skin, I felt wrapped up in it's light. It was almost comforting, but I needed more than just the moonlight settling into my skin. My heart ached, and I wanted to cry out and scream. I felt like I was driven with insanity as my thoughts were clouded with Mike. The boy who made me feel like a human being, and the one who accepted me before anyone else. Although I had been young at the time, I loved Michael Wheeler. Now, he was a ghost of my past, one which haunted me daily. Now being graduated from high school, I worked as a nurse at Hawkins Hospital, and sometimes in the corner of my eye, I swear I could see Mike standing just a few feet away. Every time I looked, the image of him was gone and my heart would fall. The only thing which distracted me from this madness was the patients I took care of.

Tonight was harder than most other nights. This day marked almost four years since his death. Technically the anniversary was tomorrow. I felt numb to the world, as my mind wandered carelessly at the idea of him returning. It warmed my heart, just a little, to think that he was just gone on a vacation, one that he would never return from. I just wanted to be held one last time; to feel the touch of his skin on mine, and to hear his voice as he whispered my name in my ear.

Eleven.

The last night I saw him was the same night he died. Hawkins Police concluded it was a hit and run. His body was broken and it definitely

looked as a hit and run. But still, there was always something that just didn't feel right about the situation. They were never able to find who did it, being the small town that Hawkins was, it should have been easy. Especially since Mike's body had been found only hours after he died. The murderer could have fled Hawkins knowing that he would be found. Except we searched towns over, and still, nothing. My world had felt like it ended completely that night. I had found out shortly after Joyce got a phone call since I'd been living with the Byers and Hopper. For the first year after I couldn't feel anything. To this day a fake smile was still plastered to my face, but I got through the day and worked hard, for Mike. I knew that he would want me to.

November 8th, 1989

Eleven POV

Dustin, Lucas, Max, and Will all took the day off of school today in honor of our best friend, and Dungeon Master, Michael Wheeler. We all met at Mike's parents house in the basement for a game of Dungeons and Dragons. We went off of old campaigns Mike had written down; everyone knew no one was good at this as Mike.

Everyone laughed and smiled, even though we were all still devastated. Unfortunately we had moved on. Not in the sense of forgetting Mike, but all of us knew that we couldn't be depressed our whole lives and that Mike would want us to grow in our future and be happy. If he could see us now, I knew that he would be. The heartache remained, and in this moment all I wanted to do was cry, but I knew I couldn't.

I went upstairs to grab a glass of water, something to hold back the tears. As I arrived in the kitchen, the stairs in the corner of my eye peaked my vision. I glanced over, wondering how long it had been since anyone had been in Mike's room. Grabbing my water, I ventured upstairs to his room. I silently cursed myself the entire way, I knew this would make me sad, but I also needed to feel him again, and to smell him. The door to his bedroom was shut. I opened it, trying not to make too much noise, and then shut it quietly behind me.

Everything looked the exact same as I remembered it. The baby blue walls, and all of his nerdy posters put up against the walls. I chuckled to myself, Mike was such a geek. And I loved that about him. Since he had been gone I grew to love comic books and Star Wars, the list went on. I felt like a total nerd, but it made it easier to understand the boys' language when it came down to things like 'Mirkwood'. I set the glass of water down on his dresser and looked at all the trophies and pictures of him and his friends, there was one picture of us. It was Halloween of 1985. It had been a year since I had closed off the Upside Down and I didn't have to hide anymore. I went out with the boys on Halloween dressed as Princess Leia from Star Wars, my hair had grown out enough for it and she grew to be my favorite character. When I walked out after getting my full costume on, the boys and Max all looked at me in shock, supposedly I looked almost identical to Leia. Mike ironically dressed as Han Solo. This picture was taken by his mom. I missed when he was right next to me. My eyes started to tear up as I held the picture in my hands.

"Oh! Sorry." I almost dropped the picture when Dustin barged into the room, I don't think he realized I was in here.

"No it's fine. I didn't realize I had taken so long." I set the picture frame down carefully and glance over at Dustin. Tear were threatening to fall out, and Dustin knew.

"Come here." Dustin walked over with open arms and hugged me tightly. Dustin had always been a good friend to me when it came down to my feelings for Mike. He understood that we were very close, and I was Mike's girl. Even though I hadn't been in his life nearly as long as the boys, they accepted me quickly. They all understood my pain.

"Thank you." My words came out mumbled into his hoodie. He nodded his understanding.

"Anytime, El. They're all starting to wonder where you are, you should go get cleaned up and then meet us back downstairs, okay?" I nodded, and as I stepped away I tried to wipe my tears before Dustin could see. With that, he left the room and I took one last look at the picture of us before heading to the bathroom.

Third Party POV

As Dustin walked downstairs to the basement he assured everyone that El was okay and just washing up in the bathroom. They all knew it was a lie, none of them were okay this night. Everyone had fake smiles on their faces tonight, trying to hold it together. If one of them started to get emotional, they would all get teary-eyed as well. Will attempted to start a conversation. Right before the lock on the basement door broke and was flung open.

2. The Return

A/N: Holy shit, I wrote this on my hour lunch, haha. I'm sorry in advance for any typos, I'll read over it later, I just got excited! (: Thank you to FangirlingStrangerThings for the sweet review (: Here is the next chapter.. Is Mike really dead?

CHAPTER 2

THE RETURN

THIRD PARTY POV

The lock broke on the door sending it flying open right as Will was beginning conversation to try to keep things up beat. For a moment, there was nothing there as all eyes watched in suspense waiting for something to happen. It had been storming profusely all night, and they questioned whether or not the weather had been that bad. Lucas was praying Eleven would come down soon in case it was a Demogorgon. Even though the gate had been closed, they had no weapons of defense, and Eleven was the only one who could stop it from killing them.

A foot stepped through the door and everyone stood up from their seats in complete shock. No one moved or made a sound. The only thing that could be heard was the rain coming down outside. In the doorway stood a curly haired boy with brown eyes, the same eyes no one had seen in four years. The same eyes that belonged to the person they thought to be dead for four years.

"M-Mike?" Will was the first to speak up. Everyone stood still, frightened in their step. Was this a dream; had they all been drugged and seeing things? Thoughts were raging on in everyone's heads trying to comprehend the situation going on right in front of them.

"Hey." Mike replied. At this point he had to be real and wasn't a hallucination. Will ran up first, tears streaming down his face, followed by Dustin, Lucas, and Max. They all hugged Mike tightly,

afraid to ever let go again. Had the whole death been planned out by Hawkins Lab even though they all thought it had shut down?

"What the fuck?" El had come down the stairs and was standing at the bottom step. Everyone backed away from Mike.

Eleven POV

I dried my face with the nearest towel after washing my tears down the sink. As I looked into the mirror I noticed how it hadn't been cleaned in awhile and was covered in smudges and leftover toothpaste. My face looked pale, and my hair had grown a lot, now hanging in a ponytail. I tucked the extra hair that had fallen out behind my ears and took a deep breath as I started heading downstairs.

"How's it going?" Karen spoke up from the couch, Holly sat next to her watching tv.

"It's going good, Mrs. Wheeler. We're all having a great time. Thank you for having us over again." I smiled, once more, with the fake smile I put on for everyone.

"Anytime sweetie, you guys are all welcome whenever for dinner." I nodded and started to go downstairs.

The moment I stepped onto the stairs something felt off. The wind was blowing differently, and I could clearly hear the rain coming from outside. I felt a chill run down my spine as a gust of wind came up the stairs. I closed the basement door behind me thinking they might've opened a window, and I didn't want a draft to go through the rest of the house. It was really cold in here, I didn't understand why there would be a need to open a window. I had a strange vibe.

I was right. The second I made it to the final step, I saw everyone hugging right next to the opened door. I didn't understand what was going on, until I saw who was in the middle. I noticed his hair first.

"What the fuck?" My mind was racing with different thoughts of what could possibly be happening. Mike was dead. He died. Four years

ago. Everyone stepped away from him. Mike was really there. The tears that had been held up from earlier started rolling down my face all at once. Mike stood there staring at me, jaw dropped. He seemed as shocked as I was. I ran up to him. My body hit his so hard, I was surprised we didn't fall to the ground. He was soaking wet and I didn't care, not in that moment. I could feel him, his skin, his touch. He didn't smell like himself though.

"Is this real?" I asked. I considered the factor that I could be hallucinating or dreaming.

"Yes El, this is real." He hugged me tightly in return. Too tight. He squeezed me so hard I thought I might explode, I pressed away from him for a moment.

"You seem different?" The word different didn't seem accurate, but I didn't know what to say. I looked at the opened door, the lock had been broken and then opened.

"Honestly, I am." Everyone backed away.

"What happened?" Lucas asked. Mike took a deep breath and motioned for everyone to sit down. He shut the door, closing the wind off.

Mike came and sat down with me on the couch.

"It's a really long story. The night that I 'died' I was kidnapped on my way home by men from the Hawkins Lab. They took me back to the lab. When I first got there, it was absolute torture. Not only because I had no way to contact you guys, but they hurt me, bad. I can't even begin to describe the things they put me through." He paused, his eyes beginning to swell with tears. "They gave me lots of injections, that was the most painful thing of all. It felt like my body was on fire, and I that was burning alive every time. But there were never any flames, just the injections. After a few months of going through that, I started, well, developing powers."

"Like, El?" Dustin asked. Mike nodded in reply.

"At first, it was flames. I can conjure fire in my hands, summon it at

anytime anywhere. It got so bad there were points I thought about burning myself alive to end everything. I tried to, but look." Mike held up his hand, sure enough he summoned a small blue flame in his hand. Mike held it to his inner left arm, and as the flame got brighter and bigger, he was still unharmed. Everyone sat back in awe, I was more curious than anyone. Had they done that to me when I was a child?

"Soon enough, they found out I had this ability, and they worked around it so I couldn't hurt them. I tried to escape so many times, but it never worked. Until two nights ago. I developed some kind of strength out of nowhere. I started testing it out in small portions, without letting them know that I was stronger. Tonight, I decide I was actually going to escape. I ripped the door off of it's hinges, and here I am. That's how I got through the door in here. I first went to Will's and I saw nobody was home. I tried Lucas's house, Dustin's, and still no one. So I came here, hoping that I would find someone. Sure enough you all were already here." Eleven wanted to cry even harder. She understood the torture he went through; all the experiments and testing they did.

"So, if you have abilities like Eleven now, how come you never tried to contact us like how El did when she would search for people?" I sat back wondering as well.

"I did try. I tried to contact El, she seemed to hear me say her name and she would look right at me, but then would continue on. I figured she couldn't see me like I could her."

"But I did see you, though. I thought I was hallucinating. Mike, I could hear you, and there were times I swore I was going fucking insane because I would look over where I thought I would see you, and then you were gone. If I would've known-" Mike stopped me.

"It's okay, El. I understand. There was no way you could've known. But the point is, I'm back now." Everyone, including me, sat there trying to understand and take in what was happening.

"So Hawkins Lab is still up and running?" Dustin asked.

"Not only that, but look." Mike held out his arm, on the inside it read

'054'. Experiment number 54, just like how I was 11. There had been 43 others after my escape. It never ended.

I grabbed his arm to take a better look at it. Then I looked into his eyes and saw tears begging to spill out, but he was holding them back. I hugged Mike tightly. I would never have wanted anyone to go through what I did. Mike had to experience the torture and I only wanted so badly to hold him and never let go.

"Alright everyone, it's time you should be heading home." Karen Wheeler was coming down the stairs. She couldn't find out, not right now when no one knew how to explain this to Mike's parents. I broke away from Mike as he ran to the closet and hid

3. Back To The Lab

A/N: I have decided that most of this story will be in Eleven's POV with occasional other POV's. But just thought I'd let everyone know (:

CHAPTER 3

BACK TO THE LAB

ELEVEN POV

Mike broke free from my arms as his mom came down the stairs. He ran and hid in the closet he had me change in all those years ago, the night I first met them. The door was shut just enough so that he could see out, while not being noticed by any newcomers in the room. I looked over once more before Karen came in, his eyes held worry, but I did my best to let him know that he was okay. Seeing Mike today and hearing what happened was like meeting a whole new side to him, one that even his bestest of friends hadn't met yet. He wasn't altogether different, he was still the same Mike that we all knew and loved. But after all he had been through, the trauma, it had changed him in a way. A way that unfortunately only I could even begin to fathom, as I'd been through the same process. Although, I was curious to figure out if they had used injections on me as well to give me the powers that I had today.

"What's going on?" Karen had reached the bottom of the stairs. Anyone could have guessed that we all held a look of confusion, shock, relief, and at the same time fear.

Dustin was the first to break the awkward silence. "We were just sharing some stories about Mike." Karen looked at the ground, and then nodded. She choked back her own tears, and I so badly wish I could have told her that her son was alive. Maybe not safe, but being alive was better than being dead.

"Thank you, I know it's been hard, given the situation. But I just want you all to know that you're always welcome here." Everyone said

thank you as Mrs. Wheeler went back upstairs. I released a sigh as I didn't have to hold in any secret anymore. I motioned for Mike to come out of the closet.

"She can't know, not yet. I don't know how to tell her and I'm sure neither do any of you." Mike scratched the back of his head. I didn't know how best explain the situation to even myself.

"You can come stay with Eleven and I since my mom and Hop already know about everything. She'd be happy to have you back home safe." He smiled sincerely at Mike. Luckily there was one family here that knew about everything that had happened with the Upside Down and me. There wouldn't be much to explain to Joyce and Hopper, they would understand with Mike simply walking through the door.

Mike nodded. We all started gathering our things and making a round of goodbyes to each other. Dustin, Lucas, and Max left together since Dustin had his license. I prepared to drive Will and Mike home with me.

The ride home was quiet. As I was driving home, I kept looking back at Mike to see how he was doing. He seemed alright, mostly watching the dark scenery around us, looking to see if anything had changed during the four years he was gone. Will just sat with a blank expression looking out the window the whole drive.

When we arrived back at the house, I grabbed Mike's hand, preparing for what was gonna happen. Will walked in first, Mike and I following behind. I gave him a look of reassurance, and he nodded, simply understanding. We always had a way of knowing what the other was trying to get across just from one look. When Mike and I walked in, we saw Hopper and Joyce standing in the kitchen saying hi to Will. They stopped talking immediately when Mike walked into the room. Joyce stood there dumbfounded and Hopper just stared.

"Mike? Is that you?" Joyce clasped her hand over her mouth as Mike nodded. "Well, come here!" Joyce hugged Mike and then grabbed him by the shoulders.

"What happened to you? Did they take you? It's been four years.

Those bastards, I thought we got them shut down completely." Hopper came up from behind her and stopped her from asking too many questions.

"It's probably been a crazy night for him Joyce, why don't we let them get going to bed since it is almost 11 at night." Joyce nodded and took a step back.

"Come here, kid." Hopper brought Mike in. "We can talk more about it tomorrow, okay?"

"Thanks Hop, I appreciate it." I grabbed Mike's hand once more and pulled him back towards my room.

"Before you guys go to bed. I understand how things were before, just because you're both 18 doesn't mean any funny business will be going on around here. You're still kids in my eyes, and honestly I'd prefer not to hear anything. Especially you're first night back, kid." Hopper gave Mike a pat on the shoulder and opened his arms to me for a hug.

"Night kid. Remember, no funny business." I chuckled and punched him in the arm. Joyce gave one last final goodnight to Mike, and then we finally headed back to the bedroom. Jonathan had already been asleep when we got there, so we had to wait to say hello till the next morning.

Will hung out with us for a bit, but didn't stay long. He was tired, and Mike and I were as well. By 1am, everyone had gone to bed, and that left us to be the only ones awake. Mike was given sweats and a shirt from Jonathan's closet, since his clothes were the only ones that would fit the now taller Mike. He curled up to me on my bed, and was laying laying on my chest with his legs wrapped around mine. Nothing had changed since he had left as far as him and I went. I was still his, and he was still mine. We still weren't anything official, but everyone already knew. Since he had left, my speech had grown significantly, I had been homeschooled, and now I was technically graduated and working as a nurse in the hospital. This time around I knew what a relationship was, and what love meant. I also understood what 'funny business' Hop was talking about.

"I missed you so much." Mike whispered in my ear. His lips barely grazed my ear as he spoke, and it sent shivers through my body.

"I missed you so much too. I'm sorry I never went into the dark to look for you like you did me. I was scared that I would see just your dead body again, and I couldn't handle it. I didn't think you were alive." Saying those words made me emotional once more for the night. I felt Mike grasp me tighter to comfort me.

"I'm not dead, Eleven. I'm right here and nothing will ever take me away from you again." I simply nodded in understanding.

"Does it hurt?" Mike looked up at me with a questioning look. "Using your powers, I mean."

"No it doesn't. Do you wanna see?" I thought about it, and then nodded. He brought up his hand in front of the both of us. An orange flame sparked, then ignited blue in the palm of his hand. It danced across his skin, shadows moving on the walls around us. In a way, it was beautiful and it was hard to explain. It reminded me of a night where Hop and I went out camping for the first time after I grew more comfortable with being in the woods. I sat out late one night by the fire with him, and my focus was unbroken as I stared into the flames burning the logs. It brought warmth, and peace. The way it moved, it was so different from water, and it was something that was indescribably satisfying to watch; the way it crackled and sounded. Mike's smaller fire was just the same. His hand didn't burn. It was odd that it was blue instead of orange, but it his flames must've been that hot. I had to admit, it was pretty cool being able to create fire and not be able to burn yourself.

"It's so pretty." Mike chuckled beside me. He twirled it around his fingers as he flipped his hand over playing with it. It moved like water on his hand, and glided along so perfectly. We couldn't change what happened in the past. The only thing we could do was look forward to the future and hope for the best for everyone. One thing was for sure, Hawkins Lab was still going illegally and it had to be stopped. It should've been stopped all those years ago in 1984.

"There were times when I was locked in my room where I would sit and watch the flames burn in my hand all night. It was one of the

only things which kept me from losing my mind in that Lab. " I understood. In a way, I was happy I was able to relate with Mike, so he had someone who could understand him more than anyone.

"You don't ever have to worry about going back there. Not only do you have me to knock their heads together, but we can fight together." It was definitely weird saying that. I wasn't the only 'X-men' here now. But Mike was just as powerful as I was, just in a different sense. Together we could protect everyone, and even take down the Lab.

"Please, never leave me." I kissed his forehead lightly.

"I would never." The flames went out and the room darkened.

MIKE POV

When I first saw Eleven that night, my mind immediately felt at peace. Escaping Hawkins Lab had been a difficult task. Trudging through the rain and mud was nothing. But the moment I saw her in my home, I thought my heart would leap out of my chest. As I held her in my arms, my mind was calm. Her skin was so soft on mine, her hair was so much longer and so divine. Her smell was intoxicating, and I never wanted to let her go. I caressed her body against mine. I didn't care how the next few days or so might be stressful. It was just her and I. I felt complete. El had really grown into a woman since I last saw her. I was now much taller and stronger than I was before, but El had developed in her chest and now stood to my shoulders. Her body was still so small and fragile, and I absolutely loved that about her. El fit perfectly in my arms like no else ever could. Her body was a temple, one that I knew that I would worship and follow forever. She had a heart of gold, and a past that weighed on her shoulders. But she had learned so much since I last saw her. I finally understood some of the things that happened to her at the Lab. It was an experience I could *never* handle again, I didn't know how I did it the first time. But I was happy that I had one person who could understand me, and of all people that thankfully had to be Eleven. My first love.

Seeing everyone else made me happy as well. It was heartwarming

knowing that everyone had gathered to be together on my death date, even with how weird it was to think that. They all cared about me and missed me. That feeling was incomprehensible. I still wasn't super close with Max, but it was good to see her again too. She joined the group only a year prior before I was abducted, but she was one of us and our *Zoomer*.

And as for El, she was my *Mage*. My beautiful best friend. It was crazy to think I had fallen for her the very second that I found her in those woods all those years ago. I'd felt like I'd known her my entire life up until this moment. Everything about her was just so thrilling. I knew that she felt the same about me. If I had the choice, I would spend the rest of my life by her side protecting her. I had to admit, it felt good to be able to actually protect her and all the other ones I loved so much. Before I had been a weak little boy who was just a *Paladin*, and now I was grown. I was a man, and I was strong enough to bring anyone harm who would try to hurt any of my friends.

"Fifty Four, it's time to come out." I woke to Dr. Adrian in the room staring down above me. Just another day of testing. I stood from my bed, it had to have only been a few hours since the last testing that I went through. What did they need me for now?

I followed Adrian and the rest of the guards out the door. We walked through several different corridors and I was barefoot and only in the hospital dress they provided. I wasn't allowed to wear regular clothes. In all honestly I was surprised they hadn't cut my hair short like Eleven's.

Finally we arrived at our destination. The room was empty, except a chair in the center, with some equipment sitting next to it. Dr. Adrian stood behind a window, and shut the door to the room I was in leaving just the two guards. It was for his protection. They forced me down onto the chair and started placing things on my forehead and around my cheeks, then placed one on the back of my neck. My arms and legs were strapped down to the chair and there was no way for me to be able to move.

"Dr. Brenner's experiment number 651. Testing done on patient 54 by Dr. Adrian." Adrian spoke into the loud speaker. I looked around the room, curious as to what this test might be. "We have a device to read the heartbeat and understand what 54 is going through in this experiment. He

is sitting in the chair now waiting for his injection." Another one? You'd think by now I'd be use to the pain, but it only got worse with every injection.

I looked over just as one of the guards placed a needle on my vein on my right arm. This injection didn't hurt at all. But I started to feel a little drowsy. Little by little my brain began shutting off, my eyes started to fall, and I was going under.

"Test subject 54 is now under, and we can begin the-" I couldn't hear anything now. It seemed like I was asleep.

Suddenly the scenery changed, and I was with Eleven the night that she went to close the gate. Something was wrong though, very wrong. I stood with her by my side and looked around us. Everyone I knew and loved laid sprawled out on the ground around us. Some you couldn't even tell who they were anymore. Most of their guts had been taken from their body and lying somewhere next to them. Blood was everywhere. Worst of all, we were in the Upside Down. I screamed as I looked all around. Lucas, Max, Dustin, Hop, Joyce, my parents, even Holly. Everyone was here, and everyone was dead.

"Kid, get El out of here." Hopper's words were faint, he was barely conscience. I looked at El standing next to me, she looked barely there as well. It seemed like I was staring at a ghost.

I took her hand and dragged her away from everything. We ran through the Upside Down like our lives depended on it, which they did. Gripping her hand so tightly I thought I might hurt her, but the only thing I cared about now was getting her to safety. As we ran back towards our exit into Hawkins, I could hear something running up behind us. My heart was pumping so hard, my breathing ragged and growing shallow by the minute. El tried to keep up with me but was having a difficult time not tripping on the growing vines around us. The light up ahead was glowing brighter and brighter. Just a little bit further-

El was ripped away from my hand. I stopped dead in my tracks as I looked back at her. The Demogorgon held her in it's hands.

"Mike, I love you. I always will." She was crying now, and fear took over her mind as she tried to pry herself out of the Demogorgons hands. Why

wasn't she using her powers against it? The worst thing I could ever imagine was happening right in front of me, my biggest fear deep down.

The Demogorgon threw El against a nearby wall, she yelped at the hit and grabbed at her back, trying to make it go away, as she rolled around on the ground thriving in pain. It stomped up to her and brought it's hand up, and bringing it back down into her stomach. It's hands ripped out her intestines inside her stomach and threw them to the side. Her hot, sticky blood splattered on my face. There was nothing I could do to save her, and I was helpless as she was being slaughtered. Her screams filled my ears, I could never forget that sound. The demogorgon placed it's mouth on her stomach as Eleven cried out. Slowly, her sound started to fade as she was losing more and more blood. Her body was being shaken around as the demogorgon stole her life away. It moved over, and I was able to catch her eyes one last time. I had never seen that look in anyone so strong, she held in her eyes the look of knowing she was going to die and she was absolutely terrified. One tear fell from her eye, then her eyes rolled back into her head.

Something was triggered inside of me. I felt rage creep up on my mind. It was as if something had switched on in my brain. My body was beginning to heat up, yet I wasn't actually hot. I **felt** like fire. There was something growing, boiling inside of me. I could feel it spreading like wildfire through my body all the way down to my fingertips. I brought my hand up seeing the glow there in the palms of my hands. There was small sparks in my hands, and suddenly flames shot to life. I was shocked, but I didn't wait a moment before ending the Demogorgon's life. I jumped forward and pictured all of my energy and rage all gathering in the palms of my hands and releasing it at the enemy. Orange fire came out of my hands, then quickly turned blue as I blasted it at the Demodog. It lit aflame instantly, as did its body. It howled and screamed out, and I rejoiced in it's suffering, laughed at it's pain.

I opened my eyes to a room on fire. The guards who had been on either side of me were burned to crisp, and I was free from my restraints. Men were coming in spraying extinguishers, and the flames on my body died out. My legs collapsed from beneath me, and I fell to the ground in tears. Was El actually okay? Did the Demogorgon get her? I had to see her tonight. My head fell into my hands as I cried out in pain. The men grabbed me by my arms, my head still hanging, and dragged my from the

once white, now blackened, room.

"Mike! Mike! Wake up!" El was shaking my body, and I sat up quickly. My forehead knocked hers, and I could feel that I had been sweating extravagantly. I rubbed my forehead and looked at my surroundings, taking in that I was no longer in Hawkins Lab. Eleven was safe next to me. She was okay, everyone was okay. I couldn't help but start bawling. I curled up into Eleven's arms, and she held me there in the bed.

"It's okay, Mike. You're safe with me. Nothing is going to harm you. You're okay." Her fingers curled into my hair as she gently massaged my head, trying to soothe my cries. It wasn't me that I was actually worried about, it was her. It would always be her. El before me. No matter what, I would always put her life before mine. She didn't understand it, but it would always be Eleven. *My El.*

A/N: Please leave your reviews, I wanna hear what you think! (: I would also like to note that I plan on this story being like the length of a book. I have soo many ideas. I'm trying to keep this story as unique as possible from other author's as well. I'm so proud of myself for doing 3 updates in two days.

4. Story Time

A/N: I know, I know, no smut last chapter. I promise there will be some in the future! Also keep in mind that Mike and Eleven are now both 18 in this. Thank you all for the WONDERFUL reviews! You guys are so sweet and adore every one of you 3 I also apologize for the chapter being so short, I'm trying to figure out where exactly I want this chapter to go from here on. I have so many ideas for the future, but can't get to any of them yet!

CHAPTER 4

STORY TIME

MIKE POV

Eleven and I always had a bond not many understood. From the moment we first met in the forest I knew she was special, besides finding out she had special abilities. She was and still is the most beautiful woman I've ever laid my eyes on. We've always had some type of understanding with each other, and communicated differently than with everyone else. She was my saving grace, the light I could find in the dark. She held me tightly as I cried into her shirt. It was comforting to know I would always have someone who understood me.

"Shh, Mike. It's okay. You're okay." Her voice in itself was soothing. I clung to her tighter, gripping her shirt in my hands.

"I had a nightmare about one of the nights I was in the lab. It was awful El." Her hand combed through my hair.

"It's okay, Mike. You're not there anymore and you don't have to worry about it ever again. Do you wanna talk about it?" I knew I could tell her everything, and although talking about it was hard, it felt so easy with her.

"There was a day in the lab where they did a different experiment than usual. Dr. Adrian took me into a room, and they strapped me

down to a chair, then proceeded to inject me with something. It wasn't the usual injections which hurt really bad. It put me out, and I went through my biggest fear. You and I were in the Upside Down together, everyone else was dead all around us. They had been killed by the demogorgon. I grabbed your hand to run from the scene, and the demogorgon, it, it got you El. It slaughtered you right in front of me. I remember specifically feeling like something clicked in my body, and that was when I first used the pyrokinesis ability I had just then developed. I woke up from that state and saw the room was burning. There were men coming in extinguishing the fires. That's when they first discovered I had the ability, and when I found out." It was incredibly hard to not choke on my words.

"Who is Dr. Adrian?" She asked.

"Adrian is who runs the lab now. I didn't even see Brenner once. It's just Adrian and all of his employees." She nodded in understanding. El didn't wince when I brought up Brenner, I assumed that it didn't affect her as much anymore hearing about him.

"For now, let's get some sleep and we can talk more in the morning, okay?" I nodded into her shirt and wiped away my tears. For the rest of the night, I fell into a deep sleep in her arms and didn't wake until the morning. She always made me feel better.

THE NEXT MORNING.

EL POV

"Mike said he never saw Pa- Brenner once while he was in there. Instead that someone new, Dr. Adrian, was running Hawkins Lab." I corrected myself, Brenner was not my Papa. He never was. Hopper and Joyce were talking with Mike and I about what happened in Hawkins Lab.

"So you're saying that they abducted you while you were riding home, and have been doing experiments on you this whole time, and Brenner never once showed up?" Hop asked.

"Not once. No one spoke of him except when they were doing tests on

me, then they would talk in the recording about how it was one of Brenner's experiments. So they're following procedures and ideas Brenner must've left behind." Mike was understandably having a difficult time talking about everything, but it needed to be done soon before any information could even remotely be forgotten.

"That must be how Eleven developed her abilities, with injections of a sort to mess with your minds. You said you developed the pyrokinesis power after it was triggered out of rage?" Joyce finally spoke up.

Mike nodded. "Yes, I think that could be the reason behind El, too. I developed the enhanced strength several days ago out of nowhere. I punched a hole in the wall because I was angry and my hand went straight through. I started focusing the ability on small things just to test out the waters so they could never notice. Then last night I used it to break down the door for the cell they had me in, and escaped here. They knew I was gone right when I got off of the property." Hopper gritted his teeth, it looked like he was frustrated.

"And then 54 on your arm, that means there was 43 people between you and Eleven being in that place?" Hopper asked.

"I think so. That's what it seems like. I never saw anyone else like me in there the whole time I was there. Unless they kept us separated for obvious reasons." Hopper stood up from his chair when Mike finished.

"Okay, kid. Well, if that's all you know then that's all we can work with. They could still try to come after Eleven, so you two just need to be careful. I'm assuming your parents don't know yet since you stayed here last night?" Mike and I both nodded.

"Karen came downstairs last night and Mike hid in the closet. She never found out, though." I said worriedly. Hopefully she didn't find out.

"I think Jim and I should talk with your family about everything, they might believe it more with the Chief in on the situation." That seemed like it would be the best option.

Later on that day, once Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler returned home from

work, Joyce, Hopper, Mike, and I all headed over. We mentally prepared for the worst outcome, hoping things wouldn't go completely wrong. But it was time they found out, if we never told them, they could never know Mike was alive. Joyce and Hopper had us hang out in the car while we waited for a good sign to be able to go in.

"It's gonna be okay, alright? They missed you so much, they'll be happy to hear that you're home safe." Mike nodded. He was worried, I could tell. I just hoped that everything would go okay. We didn't need anymore trouble.

"Come inside." Hopper shouted out the front door. Mike and I got out of the car and walked slowly up to the door, hand in hand. Hopper followed behind and shut the front door. We made our entrance into the living room. Karen, Ted and Nancy were all in tears. Although Nancy already knew about everything, she hadn't figured out about Mike yet. Karen jumped from the couch first and grabbed Mike. She hugged him so tightly as she cried.

"My baby, you're okay. You're alive!" She grabbed his face smiling as she cried. "You have no idea how much we've missed you. Karen took a step back and gave Nancy and Ted room to talk to Mike.

About 20 minutes later, we all sat down and started talking seriously.

"You have to understand, that nobody can know about this. You *can't* tell anyone. As far as the lab knows, you all know nothing." Mike sat in the middle of the couch with his family surrounding him on all sides. They all nodded in understanding.

"So, you and El both have, well, powers?" Mike nodded and looked at me to explain further. He didn't seem like he wanted to talk much.

"Yeah, so I grew up in the lab until when Mike and the others found me. I can move things with my mind." I didn't feel like mentioning I could easily kill was needed at the moment. "Mike has pyrokinesis now, as well as super strength."

Karen looked over at Mike. "Can you both show me? I'm sorry this all just seems so unreal." I looked over at the vase against the window

and knocked it over. Karen gasped. Mike then lifted his hand and started a flame in his palm.

"Does it hurt you?" Nancy asked.

"No, look." He aimed the flame towards his other arm and there was no burn mark left behind.

"Wow, I don't even know what to say." Mrs. Wheeler was shocked at all the news brought to her today, but she wasn't denying what was right in front of her which was good. Our expectations were lowered a lot with any possible outcome, so everyone was relieved at how well it went.

"So what now then? Mike can't go out in public now?" Joyce and Hopper thought long and hard. I didn't know a good cover up story for this, considering the police found his body in the middle of the road. Although it was a dummy, the rest of the town couldn't know about what was going on at Hawkins Lab. Nancy and Jonathan had done what they could, dumping all this information on everyone would be too much to handle and hard to believe.

"For now, no one can know about me being back. I've been gone for so long it'd be hard to create a cover up story, plus I don't want to be bombarded right now with everyone trying to come and say hello. I was thinking we could say I had been abducted, but again, it's too soon and I need time." Everyone nodded in agreement. Saying he had been abducted would have been a great cover up, the town would think it was odd considering in the past they had also had a dummy body for Will, but it was believable and that's what mattered.

"What are we going to do about the lab? I want my family to be safe in this town, and they need to be stopped." Ted Wheeler spoke up.

"I'm going to have some of my deputies help us, they won't know the full story but everyone thinks that the lab was shut down due to illegal activity, so that's enough for us to get a warrant to storm the place and take them down." Eleven knew that they would be helping along with Hopper and his deputies, there was too many men for them not to be killed. We needed as much help as we could get. Now that Mike had abilities as well, we were at a larger advantage with

him and I working together. Ted and Karen nodded in understanding.

"Well, we should have dinner tonight for everyone. A celebration that Mike is home safe with us. Everyone is welcome to come who knows, including your friends, Mike." Mike nodded. He smiled slightly, and I knew that something was up. He looked at me from across the room, and I could tell that all he wanted was to be happy with his family again, but at the same time he needed comfort more than anything. There was fear behind those eyes as well as pain. Mike had suffered so much, especially with how long he had been gone. All I wanted to do was just hold him forever and never let him go.